

INCORPORATED.

Old National Bank, New York, N. Y.
Old National Bank, Evansville, Ind.

All kinds of legitimate banking business transacted. The accounts and patronage of the public solicited. Special attention given to collections.

DIRECTORS—D. T. BYRD, W. R. WICK, M. B. LOWMY, W. C. RICE, H. M. CASSIDY, J. C. ELDER, JR., Secretary.

Will Commence Business January 24, 1905.

LOCAL NEWS.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS—

BEST FOR SHIRTS.

THE PROCTOR & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.

Dr. T. H. Condit, Dentist, Marion.

The public schools are closing.

There is a good deal of snow.

The school term is over.

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"THE MAN OF GALILEE."

Gen. R. Wendling's Magnificent

Oration at Watkins Hall

Holds the Breathless

Attention of the

Audience.

Attention of the

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BLACKFORD.

The roads are very muddy.

The river is falling slowly, but we

yet have plenty of water.

S. W. Ezel, the farmer of Forbes

& Bros mill is preparing to grind

as the high water is furnishing fuel.

Frank J. By says he will file

tomorrow.

Dr. White took a trip to D

Monday.

Mrs. Maggie Henderson and Mrs.

Attie North went to Marion Sat-

urday.

T. Hesse is moving of today in this

section. Joseph Seabers and James

Miller were the last to sell, they got

\$5, 5, 1.

The school of primary school pupils

was the remark heard from a young

man as he returned from the

Friday night.

Had a crowd of our efficient

school, as singing the boys today.

Ed Walker was in the Shady Grove

regional school Sunday, he makes reg-

ular trips.

Miss Julia Vermilion, of Sullivan,

was in town Sunday.

Miss Glen Nixon, of near here, is

visiting in Marion this week.

Mrs. Edith Davis went to Repton

Sunday.

Old friends and party in the

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DEDICATED.

[WANTED FOR SECOND PAGE.]

best. Greece achieved greater ac-

complish in thought than was ever

before. I am proud of my land, but

she is not in the least a slave.

Because she failed to culti-

vate a proper moral and religious

sentiment. Rome obtained great

power and I would a world wide rep-

utation, but she failed to the pro-

tection of her own degenerate mor-

als.

The Jews were noted for their

religious sentiment, but Greece

for the high development of the indi-

vidual. Rome for the power which

she possessed. It is not for the

power to be feared. It remains

for the people to be feared. It remains

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DEDICATED.

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.]

how we gained our freedom. Learning actuated Jefferson to write that Declaration of Independence which seems to have been written with a martyr's blood and dried by the sunshine of liberty.

Monarchies are all founded upon ignorance, maintained by heavily ignorant law. An unenlightened man can not know the blessings of liberty, for he hasn't the learning to appreciate it. In this country there are no titles of nobility; no idiot Royal; no Lord, save the who rules the stars. Learn, schools, have made it so a well digger may climb from his humble position to the Chief Magistracy of this great nation. In this land liberty and schools have made it so that the boy who walks upon the meadow which bears its olive blossoms to the sun, and drives the cows to the barn, stands a chance to rise with a rapidity that emulation would rather rejoice than envy, above the who walks upon floors of marble and gold and dwells within frescoed walls.

It was he who sleeps in the bosom of Mt. Vernon, where the passing waters of the blue Potomac sing sweet requiems to his memory, who said: "Educate your children and your country is safe."

Learning enabled Homer, a poor, miserable beggar, to create a Heaven with his own celestial genius, and to climb upon its loftiest apex, and crystallize in sweetest song the fall of Ilion.

Learning enabled Ixau to hold in symphonies sweet and dim the "Conquered Banner," and pass it to meet the warrior's soul beyond the stars, and pour the oil of the olive branch upon the hearts of the soldiers.

Learning enabled Esop to throw off the chains of slavery and to write his great Fables and give life to his name after death.

Garfield was a peasant born. Learning enabled him to go from a common canal hand to the Presidency of sixty million people.

Learning enabled Benjamin Franklin, a journeyman printer, with but a loaf of bread under his arm, to go as American Ambassador to France, draw lightning from the clouds, and challenge the admiration of the whole world with his philosophy. The Hero, Patriot, Saint and Philosopher lie hid in the Plebian, but learning will bring them out; its diamond that scratches every other stone.

Learning guides the pen of the patriot, animates the orator in the blaze of eloquence, guides the mind in the august toils of stately council, maintains the majesty of the law, illumines the dark roof of poverty; yea, it can lighten the letters of the slave.

Alexander Stephens, standing upon the steps of the Treasury building in Washington City, gazed down Pennsylvania avenue, looked upon the great capital of this country; he saw its great and mammoth walls like the western sun and shade all Washington; he saw its silken flag with its proud stars set in all the hues of heaven; he said to himself, "There, there is the safeguard of America." But coming to the South, he passed by a common school house, the children were at play; he saw Plebian and Prince; the school was called to order, he heard them recite, he saw learning dispensed like God does the dew; he said then: "No not in towering Washington, but here, in these walls is the true American safeguard."

This is the grandest, most glorious government 'neath the sun. Our progress is unequalled; we take a few grains of sand and read the stars; imprison a strange thing called steam and make it roll the giant wheels of commerce to gain its liberty; one man may over the telephone talk with his fellow in whisper miles away.

We have borrowed from heaven its lightning and chained it under the mighty deep, and let nation talk to nation. Her sons at least boast, from the frozen cycles of the ice genus North to the glittering dew of the south. Learning will maintain it. Our flag will ever unfold its stars fanned by a breeze of liberty.

"Here, here is the land of every land the pride, Beloved by heaven over all the world beside, Where brighter suns dispense serene lights And milder moons enparadise the nights. For us kind nature wakes her genial powers, Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower, For us the mines a thousand treasures bring, For us health gushes from a thousand springs, The suns to light us rise, Our foot-still earth, our canopy the skies."

Some Reminiscences.

Mr. C. S. Nunn said:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Reminiscences—I have been wondering why I have been selected to talk on this aged subject. It has always been the old residents whom I have heard talk of the Forties and the good times before the war. I know my career for the last few months has been very eventful and rather significant, but I can not believe it has rendered me a fit subject for the children of to-day to look to for the tales and incidents of the

early days of Marion school life. Laying aside the matter of age, however, if attendance at school in Marion is a test of proficiency in this respect, why then I am in every way qualified; for if there ever was a boy in this section went to school longer, and bated to quills, or went more unwillingly, and left with greater alacrity, I have never heard of him.

My memory is crowded full of incidents, as well as accidents which occurred and happened during this long embryotic period.

My first notion of a school was that it was a kind of flower garden of a place, where the children just all come in from every direction for the fun there was in it, and there was a fellow they called a teacher who watched over them, and kept off the "boogers" and drunk men; it was also his duty to suggest and start new games and forms of amusement when the old

school house was always out of repair, broken, bucket in the well, all the water out of it or rat in it, one or the other, or all at a time, nearly all the time. This distressing state of affairs necessitated a long trip, about a square, of an hour's duration, to the public well for every bucket of water. A camel only drinks more water than school boys, consequently we were always carrying water. All were anxious to make the journey, but I was especially fortunate and helped carry barrels of water. You know the great disease of school frequenters is essential. We utilized the water in putting the water into mud, and also in practicing chewing and smoking tobacco. This thing of chewing and smoking didn't taste so good as it looked good, and it did not look so good as it looked muddy, and to be a grown up man is the solution of every boy; he is never contented till he gets to be one, and apart from that, we also used these spare moments in awaiting dire vengeance, and forming serious and solemn compacts of war against the teacher.

The good of ancient times let others state. I think it likely we were born so late.

We were so comfortable, situated in such a lovely community; blessed and surrounded by all the conveniences that God has given man, and stored by the work of a board of noble and self-sacrificing trustees, a school up and embosomed by a set of intelligent and public spirited citizens, the coming generation are favored with all the advantages that wealth and wealth can command. They have grown your children's resources that will endure as long as life endures, an education whereby habits will be formed that time will ameliorate, not destroy—placed within their reach occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, the most beautiful and useful, and therefore death less terrible.

Englishman patronizingly: "Your school facilities are excellent, I am told. American (nearly): "Well, I should say. See the Smithsonian Institution over there? Think of a building like that, just to educate the Smiths!—Vogues."

seemed to drag or grow tiresome. I well remember that when I was a boy and my mother living taught me my letters, how that I whispered and cried around her apron strings for weeks and weeks before she consented for me to go to school.

Many a day have I recalled with delight that self-important feeling which passed me as I strode up the street that morning with primer under one arm, and holding with the other to the sleeve of my big boy neighbor. But alas! these dreams of my childish fancy were to vanish very soon, and that forever.

I had hardly gotten snugly seated, and recovered my composure in the strange surroundings, when a poor boy on my left was surreptitiously, and without his knowledge or consent, jerked from his seat and roundly thrashed for the no greater offense than of drawing on his slate, for my edification, pictures of guns, swords and pistols, which I thought were things of beauty and marvels of art and conception. This brutal and unexpected treatment of my new acquaintance brought to my eyes tears of sympathy, or fright, I don't now remember just which. As you might also suppose, it brought about in my mind a very decided change from my former idea of a school life of perpetual bliss. My expectations being suddenly blighted, and spying an open window near and the teachers back to me I gently slid out, and running breathlessly home, told my mother of the awful things I had seen.

I believe now from the way she received me, she was some what amused, but through then, she did not believe all I had told, and was inclined to visit the wrath of the teacher upon me.

I pouted and moped about home in my mother's way for quite a while, but finally went back to school again, being moved by a certain persuasive process which I believe most parents to some extent use to this good day. Yes, I went again and again, and as long as I went, which now seems a century, my parents kept their means of persuasion handy, and it seemed to me always threatening. I might say here that the very same character of instrument was always at the school house, although it looked to me like we stole them faster than they grew, notwithstanding this there was a constant and abundant supply equally as handy and a great deal more active.

When a boy gets big enough to go on the play grounds it recess he feels big indeed. At this age I was more inclined to go to school than at any other time; the freedom of this short interval, recess, I deemed a sufficient recompense for a whole day's confinement.

The proudest moment of my life was when I had been singled out from a dozen eager hungry boys, and made the recipient of the daintiest morsel that ever pleased a palate. This boy went to the center of the play ground and held high above his head a juicy red apple; he never said a word, but all understood it, we rolled up with one accord and circled him as he leisurely and tantalizingly ate the apple and generously gave me the core as I reached my hand in a little further than the others. When I grew larger I took apples to school, while disdaining to eat the core was liberal enough to give it to the youngsters. I never did and never will refuse to give a boy an apple core.

I never felt more self-important, however, than when I got big enough to carry water if another boy about my size helped me lift. The well at

whereby one was to stick to another closer than a brother, and whenever he showed the least disposition to punish one boy, all were to fly to his rescue, seize, gag, and bind the teacher, and carry him out in state to triumph, a conquered villain. These compacts were very solemn, they showed the boys into closer, and more intimate relationship, and promoted harmony and kindly feelings, but aside from this they were of little or no use, as the teacher just kept on teaching and logging, indifferently, one after another, and day after day, as if he had never heard of our terrible threats, or else cared nothing for them.

Considering this painful disregard, on the part of the teacher, of our purposes and our tenacity in carrying them out, our only recourse was to "play hooky," which nearly all of us did at various times, but especially after we had missed the same lesson, and been "kept in on it" three or four times in succession, and when finally the teacher, driven to desperation, and giving us one no-reday of redemption, would say that we must come up the next morning after recess promptly and with a perfect lesson; then would we invariably "play hooky."

It is impossible to enjoy playing hooky from any thing but school, just as it is impossible to enjoy killing thoroughly unless you have plenty of work to do. There is no fun in doing nothing when you have nothing to be killed and hooky to be sweetened by a stolen lesson. One's was immensely sweet, and would to God we could always play it. Practically at recess we would slip out in droves of threes and fours, all hand-in-hand, and would go through the meadow lands to the green in the woods, with bloom in the trees, the birds in the branches, and hum of the bees every where; on would we go right down.

"To the old schoolhouse" held, where there was a so still and deep. Looked like a baby river that was having half a sleep. And the gurgle of the water heard the drift just below.

Sounded like the hush of something we could not remember any thing but the eyes.

Of the signals looked out as we left Paradise. But the merry days of youth lie beyond our control. And his hand to part forever with the old schoolhouse" he.

"Of the old schoolhouse" held in the happy days of youth. When I first to lean above it on the old ekamure, Old it showed me a face in its warm sunny life. That gazed back at me so gay and glib. It made me lose myself as I leaped to the shore. My shoulder pulled up at me with such tenderness. And I wish in my sorrow I could strip to the soul. And dive off in my grave like the old schoolhouse" held.

"Of the old schoolhouse" held in the long days of youth. When the hum-drum of school made such a run-a-way. How pleasant was the journey down the road of study. Where the tracks of our bare feet were all printed so plain. You could tell by the dent of the heel and the sole.

There was lots of fun on hands at the old schoolhouse" held. But the last joy is just let your tears in sorrow roll. Like the rain that isn't to dapple up the old schoolhouse" held.

I must allude to just one more incident, rather strange and dreamy, and admitted by every girl who wore long dresses, particularly those a few years my senior; a time when I was utterly ignorant of my real dimensions. I remember very well that in the first period of my passion I bought four black neckties and took to wearing paper collars of week days and gloves on Sunday. Here I laid the foundation for all the curls I ever had. If the shoes I wore at that stage could only be produced and compared with the real size of my feet they would show the state my heart in a most affecting manner.

AND THE BRITON SWALLOWED IT.
Englishman patronizingly: "Your school facilities are excellent, I am told. American (nearly): "Well, I should say. See the Smithsonian Institution over there? Think of a building like that, just to educate the Smiths!—Vogues."

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When Baby was said, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was said, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

I believe all these things are but a part of the experience of every boy. They are the greenest, freshest, and brightest scene on a boy's pages. I can't remember that I ever saw a boy who had not the memories of the schoolhouse and the playground. The schoolhouse and the playground are all forgotten and forgotten. Yes, it is the brightest, not the darkest, that looks in as we look back. The sunshine casts no shadows on the past. I suppose it is this glimmer of things that make real life people talk with nonsense about the days when they were children.

The world appears to me, and things are like what they ought to be. The world is a place where three strong men to believe half of them. It always has and always will be the same old like song, and grand-fathers the same song, and will likewise aggravate our children's children. As for me the world is a most agreeable sort of a place.

"The good of ancient times let others state. I think it likely we were born so late."

We were so comfortable, situated in such a lovely community; blessed and surrounded by all the conveniences that God has given man, and stored by the work of a board of noble and self-sacrificing trustees, a school up and embosomed by a set of intelligent and public spirited citizens, the coming generation are favored with all the advantages that wealth and wealth can command. They have grown your children's resources that will endure as long as life endures, an education whereby habits will be formed that time will ameliorate, not destroy—placed within their reach occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, the most beautiful and useful, and therefore death less terrible.

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When a boy gets big enough to go on the play grounds it recess he feels big indeed. At this age I was more inclined to go to school than at any other time; the freedom of this short interval, recess, I deemed a sufficient recompense for a whole day's confinement.

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whereby one was to stick to another closer than a brother, and whenever he showed the least disposition to punish one boy, all were to fly to his rescue, seize, gag, and bind the teacher, and carry him out in state to triumph, a conquered villain. These compacts were very solemn, they showed the boys into closer, and more intimate relationship, and promoted harmony and kindly feelings, but aside from this they were of little or no use, as the teacher just kept on teaching and logging, indifferently, one after another, and day after day, as if he had never heard of our terrible threats, or else cared nothing for them.

Considering this painful disregard, on the part of the teacher, of our purposes and our tenacity in carrying them out, our only recourse was to "play hooky," which nearly all of us did at various times, but especially after we had missed the same lesson, and been "kept in on it" three or four times in succession, and when finally the teacher, driven to desperation, and giving us one no-reday of redemption, would say that we must come up the next morning after recess promptly and with a perfect lesson; then would we invariably "play hooky."

It is impossible to enjoy playing hooky from any thing but school, just as it is impossible to enjoy killing thoroughly unless you have plenty of work to do. There is no fun in doing nothing when you have nothing to be killed and hooky to be sweetened by a stolen lesson. One's was immensely sweet, and would to God we could always play it. Practically at recess we would slip out in droves of threes and fours, all hand-in-hand, and would go through the meadow lands to the green in the woods, with bloom in the trees, the birds in the branches, and hum of the bees every where; on would we go right down.

"To the old schoolhouse" held, where there was a so still and deep. Looked like a baby river that was having half a sleep. And the gurgle of the water heard the drift just below.

Sounded like the hush of something we could not remember any thing but the eyes.

Of the signals looked out as we left Paradise. But the merry days of youth lie beyond our control. And his hand to part forever with the old schoolhouse" he.

"Of the old schoolhouse" held in the happy days of youth. When I first to lean above it on the old ekamure, Old it showed me a face in its warm sunny life. That gazed back at me so gay and glib. It made me lose myself as I leaped to the shore. My shoulder pulled up at me with such tenderness. And I wish in my sorrow I could strip to the soul. And dive off in my grave like the old schoolhouse" held.

"Of the old schoolhouse" held in the long days of youth. When the hum-drum of school made such a run-a-way. How pleasant was the journey down the road of study. Where the tracks of our bare feet were all printed so plain. You could tell by the dent of the heel and the sole.

There was lots of fun on hands at the old schoolhouse" held. But the last joy is just let your tears in sorrow roll. Like the rain that isn't to dapple up the old schoolhouse" held.

I must allude to just one more incident, rather strange and dreamy, and admitted by every girl who wore long dresses, particularly those a few years my senior; a time when I was utterly ignorant of my real dimensions. I remember very well that in the first period of my passion I bought four black neckties and took to wearing paper collars of week days and gloves on Sunday. Here I laid the foundation for all the curls I ever had. If the shoes I wore at that stage could only be produced and compared with the real size of my feet they would show the state my heart in a most affecting manner.

When Baby was said, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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I believe all these things are but a part of the experience of every boy. They are the greenest, freshest, and brightest scene on a boy's pages. I can't remember that I ever saw a boy who had not the memories of the schoolhouse and the playground. The schoolhouse and the playground are all forgotten and forgotten. Yes, it is the brightest, not the darkest, that looks in as we look back. The sunshine casts no shadows on the past. I suppose it is this glimmer of things that make real life people talk with nonsense about the days when they were children.

The world appears to me, and things are like what they ought to be. The world is a place where three strong men to believe half of them. It always has and always will be the same old like song, and grand-fathers the same song, and will likewise aggravate our children's children. As for me the world is a most agreeable sort of a place.

"The good of ancient times let others state. I think it likely we were born so late."

We were so comfortable, situated in such a lovely community; blessed and surrounded by all the conveniences that God has given man, and stored by the work of a board of noble and self-sacrificing trustees, a school up and embosomed by a set of intelligent and public spirited citizens, the coming generation are favored with all the advantages that wealth and wealth can command. They have grown your children's resources that will endure as long as life endures, an education whereby habits will be formed that time will ameliorate, not destroy—placed within their reach occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, the most beautiful and useful, and therefore death less terrible.

Englishman patronizingly: "Your school facilities are excellent, I am told. American (nearly): "Well, I should say. See the Smithsonian Institution over there? Think of a building like that, just to educate the Smiths!—Vogues."

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